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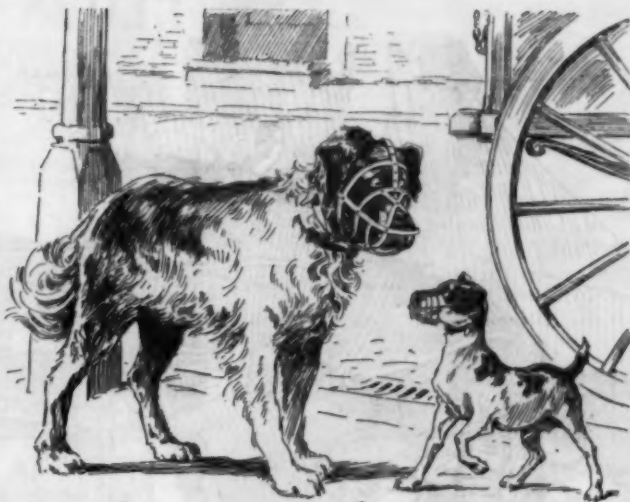
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A NEW FRENCH EXERCISE.

THEY say (*on dit*) that we shall have an income-tax (tax on incomes) in France. The Government desires the tax. Does the people desire the tax? The people does not desire it. The people remain, but the Governments do not remain. By whom was this piece of paper brought to my house? The piece of paper was brought by the policeman (*gendarme*). See! It contains many questions. It appears that if I fail to answer the questions they will send me to prison. It is a veritable tyranny that they establish! Beautiful France is no longer a democratic country. Still, it's necessary that we should all obey the laws. Take, my son, some ink (*de l'encre*), some pens, some paper, and write down what (that which) I dictate to you. Have you told them that the profits of my occupation of *charcutier* are none at all? Then send the paper back to the wretched Government. What? Has the policeman called again?



SPRING BOW-WOWS.

Leander. "WHY, DOCK MY STUMP, IF IT AIN'T 'ERO! I SHOULD NEVER 'AVE KNOWN YER, WITH THAT 'ERE MUZZLE ON!"

Yes, the policeman has called again, and has brought with him the gaoler, the prison chaplain, and the examining magistrate. The honour of such a visit is too unexpected. You may tell the gaoler, the prison chaplain, and the examining magistrate that I am suffering from illness. The examining magistrate is desolated to hear it. They have actually entered my room! My wife, my mother-in-law, my grandfather, the cousin of my wife's sister, and my six children, have burst into tears. How (he is) polite this magistrate (is)! Say then (*donec*) I am not obliged to go to prison, or to pay? No, because parents with six children are exempt from the tax. Are all laws bad? No, there are some laws which are bad, and other laws which are good. The law about large families and the income-tax is a good law. Though I do not pay the tax, my neighbours (*voisins*) will have to pay it. Beautiful France is a more democratic country than I thought (it).

TITTLEBAT TOMKINS.

IF Mr. BUCHANAN and Miss JAY had produced their play of *The Shopwalker* about forty years ago, with ROBSON in it, and had entitled it *Tittlebat Titmouse*, adding that it was adapted from WARREN's *Ten Thousand a Year*, it might have achieved success, had it not been anticipated by PRAKE's drama of *Ten Thousand a*

Year, which was produced at the Adelphi in 1842, with WRIGHT as the comic hero and PAUL BEDFORD as *Huckaback*, the friend who gives him the first information of his accession to fortune. The "J and B" treatment of this old subject does not exhibit the latest modern dramatic improvements. It gives *Tittlebat Thomas Titmouse Tomkins* a mother, who is a character similar to Mrs. Brag in THODORE HOOK's *Jack Brag*, and also a good, true-hearted girl like *Mary Anne Hoggins*, who was devoted to the immortal *Jeames*, created by THACKERAY. So that *The Shopwalker* is a hotch-potch of old-fashioned materials,



His Last Act, "Knee Sutter," &c.

without any particularly redeeming feature in the way of dialogue. It has a long scene or two that could be cut down with advantage; but, and this is the saving clause,—it is capitally acted by everybody in the cast.

For example, no one could be better than Mr. SYDNEY BROUGH as the virtuous and rather 'aughty young lover, with little to do, and not much of any value to say; and who, other than Mr. WARREN, could better represent the not absolutely colourless, because bilious-looking, but always aristocratic Earl? Miss VICTOR, admirable as *Widow Brag Tomkins*, makes a brick or two out of the meagre amount of straw which falls to her share. Mr. DAVID JAMES, representing a lawyer's villainous clerk, of Scotch extraction, has the best of the game; and Mr. WEDDIE GROSSMITH, after he has made a good start in the earlier

part of the first Act, has, for the remainder of the piece, up-hill work, about the result of which he must have felt rather uncomfortable during rehearsals. However, being manager, actor, and *Shopwalker* he has presumably selected this play as "one of the best," if not the best in his repertoire, unless he has a surprise for us up his sleeve. Miss NINA BOUCHICHAULT is delightful, even in this sketchy part of *Mabel*; but 'tis a pathetic sight to witness the struggles of Miss MAY PALFREY, vainly attempting to interest an audience in the authors' story of her overwhelming woes. Mr. VOLPÉ, as *Hubbard*, *Father Hubbard*, not *Mother* of that ilk, is as good as he can be; and to say this of him in such a part is high praise. In the bill it is described as "a new and original comedy," which are epithets generally difficult to verify of anything dramatic nowadays, and in this instance absolutely impossible.

SONG FOR BARON POLLOCK.

(Some way after Sir Charles Sedley.)

AIR—"Phyllis is my only Joy."

WILLIS does me much annoy,
Doggedest of all Q.C.'s,
Clients who his skill employ
He can never fail to please.
If with a frown,
I set him down,
WILLIS, smiling,
JELF be-riling,
Pops up perkier than before!

Though, alas! too late I find
Nothing puts him in a fix;
Yet I try to make him mind
I am up to all his tricks;
Which though I see
Yet baffle me.
He affronting,
I low granting,—
Election cases are a bore!

"NOM D'UNE PIPE!"

"Quoth Jack Tar, 'Blow me tight, here's a sip of my sort;
Without 'paying the piper,' a pipe full of port!"

DESPITE the forensic skill of Mr. A. G. STEEL,—perhaps "batter" known as a batter than a barrister—the proprietors of a "pipe of port," which had been shipped from Oporto, and which on arrival at Liverpool was "found practically empty," were unsuccessful in obtaining damages against the shipowners. For there was no "satisfactory explanation or evidence" forthcoming as to the cause of the mysterious disappearance of the "old tawny." Evidently some "sucking Nelson" on the "port watch" was at the oak during the voyage, or else the "pipe" evaporated—smoked itself out, in fact.

STRANGE FACT.—Sir FRANCIS EVANS, who has just been returned for Southampton as a Separatist, is Chairman of the Union Company.



TURK THE SUBLIME!

Sultan (beg.). "Now, Mr. Bull, you have been Mrs. Egypt's Guardian long enough, so I invite you to consider whether the time has not now arrived for her return to the arms of her loving Uncle."

King V.



Huntsman (seeking a beaten fox). "NOW THEN, HAVE YOU SEEN ANYTHING OF HIM!"

Cockney Sportsman (immensely pleased with himself). "WELL, RATHER! WHY, I'VE JUST DRIVEN HIM INTO THIS DRAIN FOR YOU!"

WHEN BAR MEETS BAR.

(Entirely New and Original Suggestion for a Farce to be produced at a Matinée.)

SCENE—A Court of Justice. Judge presiding. Witness in the Box. Counsel examining and cross-examining.

First Counsel. I did not quite catch that last answer.

Witness. I said I drank three pots of beer. (Laughter.) Yes, I drank three or four. (Roars.)

First Counsel. And not for the first time, I'll be bound. (Renewed laughter.)

Second Counsel. I must really complain of my friend's conduct. I am surprised at his levity.

First Counsel. I will not be insulted! You are surprised at everything. We all know you.

Second Counsel. I am honoured—for it is more than anyone will say of you.

First Counsel. My Lord, I really must appeal to your Lordship. This is not the first time that my friend has grossly affronted me.

Second Counsel. I claim the protection of the Bench also. It is simply unbearable. My friend loses no opportunity of holding me up to contempt.

Judge. I have known you both for many years, and I am sure you are each of you incapable of harbouring anything other than harmonious feelings towards one another.

Witness. You seem to be forgetting me. (Laughter.) I shouldn't mention it, only I promised to take my old woman for a walk this afternoon. (Roars.)

Judge. You said you had taken four pots of beer?

Witness. So would you if you had the chance. (Laughter.)

Judge. It is fortunate then that I was here—in another place. (Loud laughter.)

Witness. That's a matter of opinion. I prefer the "Pig and Whistle," myself. (Screams.)

First Counsel. You make a pig of yourself while you wet your whistle. (Yells.)

Judge (rising). This seems an appropriate moment for adjourning until to-morrow.

[Curtain falls—for a time—upon the costs.]

THE REAL EASTERN QUESTION.

(By a Prosaic Sufferer from the Season.)

WHAT WILLIAM WATSON calls "The Purple East,"—

And why—I know not; but in simple prose its wind, that's neither good for man or beast, Brings that particular colour—to my nose! If the great bard will pardon the suggestion, How to avoid it is my Eastern Question.

And he would do wide good, depend upon it, If he will teach us that in one more sonnet. Here's "winter lingering in the lap of spring";

And of the purple east to go and sing Is most superfluous in a patriot muse

When Britons generally have got the blues. How can one listen to Armenia's woes

When the east wind is weakening one's poor nose? And that, however bards may chant or chirple,

Is the sole way in which the east seems purple!

"OH! WOULD I WERE A BARD."—Sir EDWIN ARNOLD has gone to the Canary Isles. No doubt he will sing more like a bird than ever on his return.

JIM AND JILLS.

["About 130 letters . . . awaited Dr. JAMESON. . . many of them containing offers of marriage."—"Westminster Gazette," Feb. 27.]

THEY all run after Dr. JIM,
And yet they can't all marry him,

One Dr. JIM;
The tall, the short, the stout, the slim,
The oldish maidens, somewhat grim,
(Poor Dr. JIM!)

The young ones, sweet and neat and trim,

The youthful widows, slyly prim,
(Eh, Dr. JIM?)

Soft eyes, which tears make sometimes dim,

Sweet lips, to charm the seraphim,
(Oh! Dr. JIM!)

It is perhaps a passing whim,
Like ripple lost on river's brim,

For Dr. JIM;
They cannot tear him limb from limb,
That each may have a piece of him,

Their Dr. JIM.

Better than Leather.

["The London police-constables have by a large majority preferred to receive a money allowance in lieu of the boots hitherto supplied to them."]

SAGACIOUS Bobby, on the tramp,
(Whatever be the style of weather,)

You've learnt on beats of direful damp
There's something that outrivals leather.

For you no boots of doubtful form,
But that which will brave any storm;

It compensates for mud and splash,
And makes no errand bootless—cash!

THE SENSATION OF THE MOMENT.

(A Story wafted from Berlin.)

WHAT was the matter? No one could give the reason. It was astonishing, and caused a feeling of uneasiness that could not be overcome. The CHANCELLOR shook his head. So did the PREMIER. Then the MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS confided his apprehension to the MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR. The chiefs of the Army were in dire distress and regretted the absence of their comrades in the Navy. Even the sentries walking outside the portals of the palace were apprehensive. What did it all mean? That was the question asked in whispers in the editors' rooms and repeated in the class-rooms of the academies. The students forgot to fight their duels, the professors to study philosophy. The entire population gave up their beer. Then the doctors woke up. There would be certainly work for them if the strain continued. The public were unaccustomed to the situation.

It was then the correspondent of a foreign newspaper thought it time to ask for further and better particulars.

He soon found a crowd surrounding the study of the Inscrutable One. They were listening eagerly, and keenly on the watch. "What is it all about?" asked the representative of the Press.

Then came the reply which explained everything.

"The KAISER has kept quiet without doing anything startling for the last five minutes!"

MR. PUNCH'S PLAYING CARDS.



No. 1.—THE J-M-S-N-RH-D-S COMBINATION.

ON THE CARPET (TURKISH).

(To the Editor of Punch.)

DEAR SIR,—As I have nothing very much to do just now, and have some note-paper on the desk before me, it has occurred to me to make you a proposal. As you know, I have been writing letters broadcast. I prefer stamps to post-cards, and in this respect differ from that "unspeakable" but right hon. gentleman Mr. GLADSTONE. I differ from him in other respects, but that is a matter of detail.

Now, it has occurred to me that many of your cartoons and articles are very unsatisfactory—from my point of view. The result is that your admirable paper has no sale in my country. You may suggest that the cause of this failure in circulation is attributable to the fact that it is not allowed to cross the frontier. Very likely you are right, so I beg you to "regularise" the situation. This could be easily done. All I would ask is that you should vacate your chair, and allow me to take your place. Then I should be able to do something for you. It would be simplicity itself, especially on your side. You see from this suggestion that I am a bit of a wag myself.

But let us be serious and business-like. I make the concrete proposal that I should become your Editor.

Pray accept my distinguished consideration, and believe me (if you can) to be

Your greatly maligned model,
THE SULTAN.

CABBY; OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE RANK AND THE ROAD.

No. XIV.—By "Hansom Jack."

["Gentleman Joe's invitation to his brethren to be present at the cabmen's *matinée* at the Prince of Wales's is nothing if not thorough. Not 'fellow-cabbies' merely, but 'their wives and babies' also, are invited to celebrate Gentleman Joe's first birthday."—*Daily News*.]

GENTLEMAN JOE is—a gentleman! Yes, and I reckon and guess, though we ain't toffs or bankers, There's more o' that sort to be found, if they're sought, amongst wot I may call London's "Gentleman Rankers." Grammar and gab don't make gents on a cab any more than they do in a ball-room or pulpit; [day 'e 'll 'ave a rare full pit. But Gentleman Joe is a gent, and I'll bet that upon 'is first birth- I know some dirty pertaters, I do, who disgrace a cab-rank as they would church or chapel. [Mother Eve picked that apple. Guess the Old Serpent 'as 'ad 'is fair pick, 'igh and low, ever since We've got our JARZEE BALFOURSES and PROGOTS, our fiddlers and daddlers, our crawlers and caddies. But wot price outsiders, wherever their pitch, under scarlet and applets, or drab capes and badges?

Lent's on, a slack time, but the weather is prime, and the winter's bin wonderful open and easy, No fog and no snow, not worth mentioning,—no, but east-winds always make me feel snappy and sneezy; And similarly with my betters, I s'pose; leastways fares about now run most orkud and nippy: They shuts down the glass, and they shuts up their pockets, and tells me, 'most 'arsh, to shut up, and look slippy.

The pennorth o' vollets tied on to my whip, as the first sign o' spring all-a-blowing-a-growing, Don't melt 'em a mossel. Wot price button 'olers when in your left ear a nor-'easter's a-blowing? Nobe with numb fingers don't drop on odd tanners when fumblin' with thick fur-topped gloves in a pocket. "Rayther long shillin'!" said insinivating-like, don't nail 'em now; they are off like a rocket!

On togs and on temper our climate will tell. JUMPY JIM, a four-wheeler of thirty-year service—'Ardly anyone knows the full out of 'is 'ib, any more than they do that 'is right name is JARVIS—Looks just a big pile of assorted Ole Clo', ready packed for the rag-man and buyer of lumber. [and wrops without number. All you see is the top of a mulberry nose 'twixt a shiny sou'-wester

"Spring, Spring, bee-yutiful Spring!" pipes JUMPY, 'is voice like a feller saw-rasping;

"Wish rhymy mugs could try spring on my box with old Jenny a-wheeze like 'er marster a-garpsing.

Potry's like parsons, all flowery-ware, and no square solid faaks as a cove can freeze on to.

Me go see Gentleman Joe? Twig these togs! There wos gentlemen, onst; I dunno where they're gone to.

"You're fond of the flowery in gab or in garden-stuff, sing-song and patter, or smart button-'oler.

Flower's won't feed yer, JACK. Give me good cabbage. It's all iky sniff wiv smart slops and brown bowler.

So trot to yer Prinos o' Wyles mattynay, JACK, and see snide ARTHUR ROBERTS a-doin' the dandy, [bacey and brandy."

I'd rather tuck my old duds on a settle, and do a nice skulk over Ah, poor old JUMPY, 'e's gone a bit balmy with troubles and tipping.

'E's art off 'is crumpet, [like 'is style you can lump it. And if you remonstrate friendly like, snubs you, and sez if you don't

"Rum's my religion and bacey's my Bible," 'e sneers, "and they don't ask no pew rents at my church.

Sacks and dry stror is old JEM's Sunday-best, and in them no one wants 'im at low church or 'igh church.

"Draw a old mivvy to chapel larst Sunday, two mile and ten yard, and she tipped me—a shillin'! [degyrded old willin,

Araked 'er for just two 'd' more, for a tot o' rum 'ot, and she sez, 'You You dirty old drunkard, 'ow dare you? On Sunday, too, when we should all go to church.' If I do mum,

I sez, most respekful, you'll find me a seat nigh to you, I've no doubt; but then, who will drive you, mum?

"She sniffed and founced in, leaving me all-a-shiver houtside. Now old JUMPY is jest a mite dingy;

But she, in 'er warm silks and furs, on the Sabbath, must treat a poor sinner, like me, mean and stingy,

And fly in a tantrum aces I were thursty and chilled. Now, I arak yer, wot sort of a spirit

Wos she in for wurshup? If that's Sunday-best-go-to-meetin', I'll stiook to my pub—and prefer it!"

Wot could I say? "Fellow-cabbies" sometimes is not Gentleman Joes, but a tidy ways off it. [tried, with a good deal o' profit.

Still, ARTHUR's plan, class to class, man to man, might be oftener Swiss! There, by Jove, go my vollets a flying! Picked up by a

grab of a gal too, Flash JENNY! She's pinning them into 'er shabby old shawl, with a smile! Well,

all right, I don't grudge 'er that penny!

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A COWARD CYCLIST TO HIS COMPANION
IN ELOPEMENT.

My nimble steed gives gallant stride,
Your Safety's fresh and oiled;
For love and liberty we ride,
With courage never foiled;
Within my pocket lies the brief,
Episcopally sealed,
That makes our hope, a firm belief
In Paradise revealed.

Mark! how we send along the track
With unabated dash!
What matter if the night be black?—
It shows the lantern's flash!
What matter if the wind be cold?—
It only warms my heart.
See! By that milestone we are told
We have a ten-mile start!

Your father is a grave J. P.,
And rules with iron sway;
Your uncle is a grim C. C.—
They shall not stop our way!
They may not catch the fleetest pair
That ever "bikes" bestride.
I'd like to know the man who'd dare
Dispute our right of road!

Ha! Ha! The wheels are whirling
round!
The goal's no longer far!
Ha! Ha! The end will soon be found!
I laugh like *Lochinvar*!
What ho? A locomotor's sound!
Your father's latest fad?
Together we must not be found.
Farewell to you and dad!

Too bad! 'Tis sad!
Did you say "dad"?
Well, still I must to treadles trust.
Farewell to you and dad!

BY THE BEACH.

I.

OUR winter season at Little Puddleton (perfect southern climate) is in full swing. The JONESSES are down from Balham, the SMITHS from Tooting, the other SMITHS from Bayswater, and the ROBINSONS from Walham Green. The SMITHS know the other SMITHS, and the JONESSES, too: in fact, young SMITH is said to be rather gone on the eldest JONES girl, and the two have been noticed more than once in the moonlight (lovely moonlight nights here, not a bit cold), whispering sweet nothings on the pier. The JONESSES are a numerous family. When fresh visitors arrive at Little Puddleton, the first thing they do is to try to count them. Estimates vary, and old friends have been known to quarrel over their results, but on one point all agree—it is a perfect marvel how all those children can be packed away at night into those poky little lodgings.

Ma JONES is a large, worried-looking lady, who is always forgetting something. Generally it is the dinner. On these occasions there is a rush to the confectioner's, and the family dine immoderately on puffs and pastry. After that come the bilious attacks, and Ada, the eldest, spends the night administering pills.

Pa JONES, for the most part, takes matters quietly. At times, however, and without any apparent cause, he bursts into a spasm of excitement; and ever and anon, when you least expect it, his agonised voice is heard—"GEORGE! GEORGE! Do not climb on that bathing-machine, Sir! I've seen so many bad accidents happen!—HARRY! HARRY! Come down from that breakwater! That's



Johnny (who has to face a bad Monday, to Manager at Messrs. R-thach-lid's). "AH! I—WANT TO—AH!—SEE YOU ABOUT AN OVERDRAFT."
Manager. "HOW MUCH DO YOU REQUIRE!"
Johnny. "AH!—HOW MUCH HAVE YOU GOT!"

just the way people get drowned, you block-head!"

Young SMITH, ADA's young man, is a very beautiful creature. He wears a blue serge suit with brass buttons, a yachting hat, and a telescope. On very calm days he sometimes takes a shilling sail in *The Sunbeam*: on other occasions he paces the pier, or looks through his glass at a herring-boat and asks the coastguard what he makes of her. If no sail be in sight he turns his telescope upon the Parade and criticises the girls. "Taut little craft, that, by Jove! beating up for the shelter, but don't much like the look of the hulk lumbering in her wake. Phew! saucy little barge scudding down there! Half a mind to run alongside and board her. And that's her consort, flying the blue blouse! A regular clipper, bejove!"

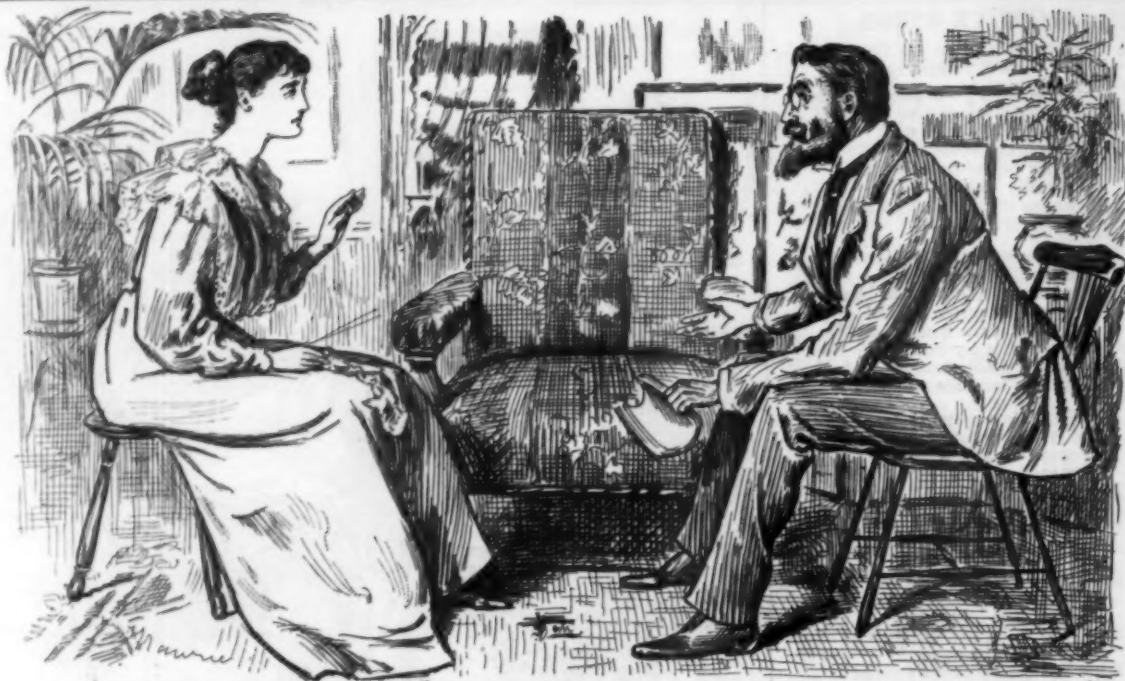
ADA thinks him not only very beautiful but astoundingly clever. She admires him immensely; not, however, so much as he admires himself. He has proved a perfect gold mine to the beach photographer: he has been taken over and over again: sighting a sail through the telescope; with the telescope under his arm; with the telescope extended; with the telescope shut up; with the telescope standing in the foreground; with the telescope lying at his side—in short, with the telescope in every pose into which the beach photographer could persuade it.

And once, to ADA's great delight, young SMITH invited her to be taken with him. It was quite an event on the beach, and all Little Puddleton crowded round to see. They made a charming group; the photographer himself said so, and who should know so

well as he? ADA is standing with her back against *The Sunbeam*: young SMITH is bending over and explaining the uses of the telescope which he holds out for her inspection. ADA's head is thrown back as she looks at her lover: her lips are parted in a happy smile, and she listens to the words of wisdom with wonder and interest. Altogether a beautiful picture. "He looks so noble!" thinks ADA; and the photographer hands it round amongst the spectators as a triumph of his art. "It oughter 'ave a frims, Mister," says he. "A pink piper mount don't do it no justice, yer see." "A frame let it have," replies young SMITH, with a lordly wave of the hand. The crowd applaud. "Ah!" cried the photographer, "them's the sort for me! Gimme a free 'and like that and I'll show yer what Hart kin do!"

It is very beautiful. ADA agrees with the photographer, and even young SMITH admits that it is not half bad, by Jove! "You'd better keep it," he adds, in an off-hand way, as if it were a mere nothing. "May I?" says ADA, blushing with delight. "May I really have it?" ADA is radiant all that day; she cherishes the tin-type in her bosom, and I fancy you would be pretty safe in making a bet that when she retires to rest at night she dreams with it under her pillow.

RECEPTION OF THE PRINCE AT BRIGHTON BY ITS TWO REPRESENTATIVE NOBLEMEN.—The Chain Peer, in full armour, and the West Peer, in his best west coat, were, of course, among the first to welcome H.L.H. to Brighton.



WHAT OUR POET (THE NEWLY-MARRIED ONE) HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

"I'VE JUST RECEIVED THE PROOFS OF MY COLLECTED POEMS, DEAREST. SIT DOWN IN THE ARMCHAIR, AND MAKE YOURSELF THOROUGHLY COMFORTABLE, AND I'LL READ THEM TO YOU."

"OH! THAT WILL BE DELIGHTFUL, DARLING! ONLY, YOU SIT IN THE ARMCHAIR, AND I'LL SIT ON THIS LITTLE WOODEN STOOL WITHOUT A BACK TO IT—LEST I SHOULD SUDDENLY FEEL SLEEPY, YOU KNOW."

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

OLD SERVANTS.

IF I'VE ever start a hobby—and a hobby-less old age would seem to offer a melancholy prospect—I think I shall set up as a collector of old servants. Old servants—the genuine variety, I mean—are rare, and rarity is in the collector's eyes the highest recommendation. In the feverish hurry of modern existence there is apparently no room for the servant who is not merely old in years, but old also in regard to the period of service during which he has been attached to one family. Here and there, for the most part in quiet country places, specimens are still to be found. They are easily recognisable. The skilled collector cannot be deceived as to a Chippendale table, a piece of old Leeds pottery, or a Stradivarius violin. Similarly, I shall lay my hands unerringly on the old servant wherever I find him, and shall employ all the diabolical cunning and persistency of enthusiasts in the effort to gain possession of my specimen and add him (or her) to my album or my gallery.

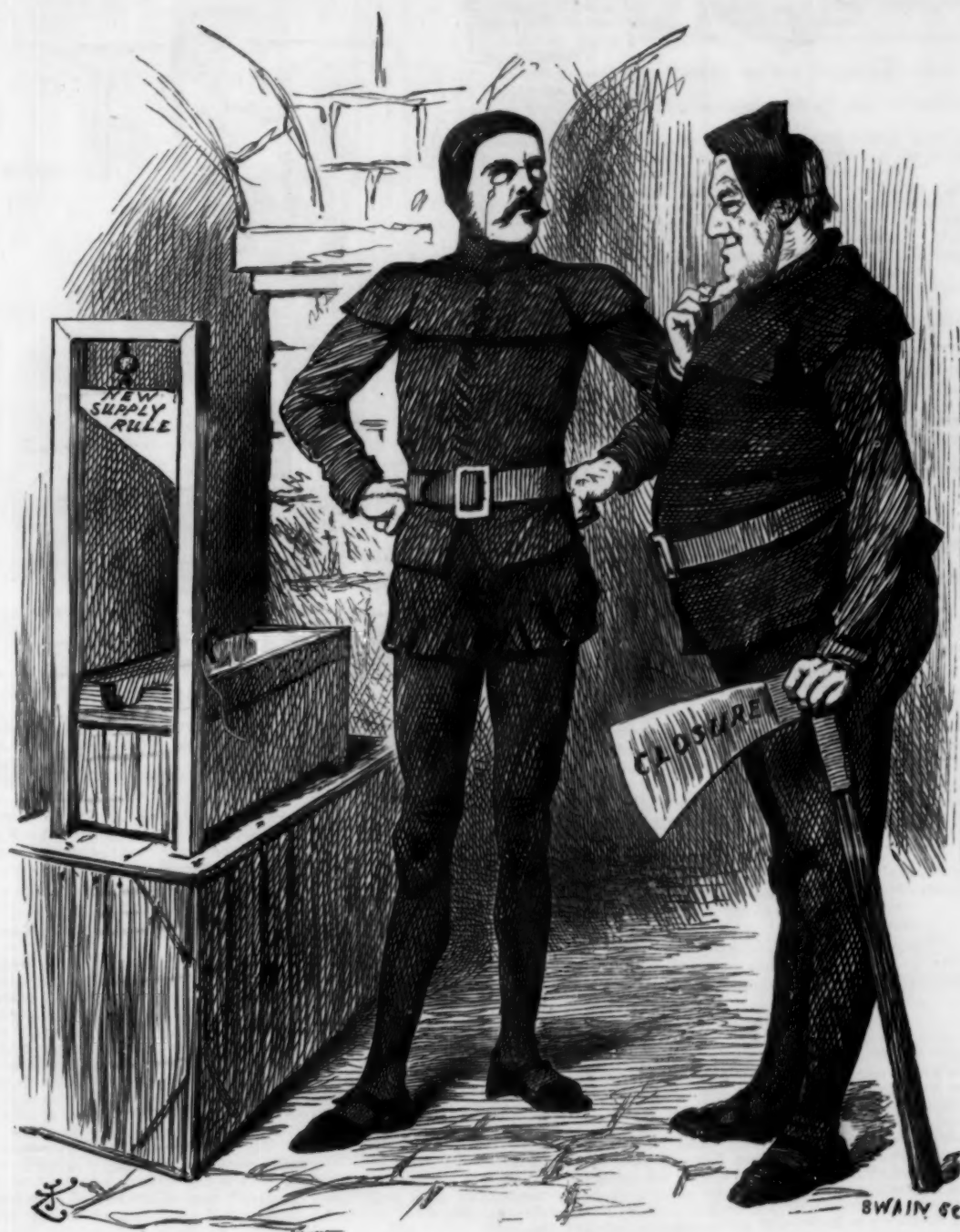
I AM occasionally privileged to hear from a lady of my acquaintance about her maid, a real old servant if ever there was one. Far back in the mists of a remote antiquity are concealed the beginnings of her service. Originally, I incline to believe, she was a nurse-maid. She then passed into the housemaid's department, continued as a parlour-maid, and then married. After a short spell of married happiness her husband died, and she returned to her ancient service, under the name of Mrs. WATSON, in the capacity of lady's maid. Ten years passed and she married again, her second husband being a Pole named BOBRINSKY. He, too, went the way of all Poles, and she returned again—this time, as it appears, for good and all—and now remains in unquestioned authority in the establishment of her old mistress. For some reason the second marriage is ignored; and although she has every right to be called Mrs. BOBRINSKY, she is never addressed as anything but Mrs. WATSON, or WATSON for short.

"WATSON," writes my friend, "is a great stand-by and help in the house, and is sewing and cutting out and planning to her heart's content. I wish you could have heard her remarks this morning about BOBRINSKY's funeral, and undertakers in general. I must try

and remember some of them for you. Time, 8.30 A.M. Scene, my bedroom. I am in bed, taking breakfast. WATSON is seated at the bottom of the bed taking hers. We have it together, so that she can wield the tea-pot and help generally; and you will quite understand that, in order to show a proper respect, she takes hers on the most uncomfortable seat and in the most uncomfortable way ingenuity can devise. I happened to be reading something out of the morning paper about a funeral.

"WATSON, interrupting, 'Lor! I wouldn't 'ave married a undertaker for all you could 'a' given me. No, not if 'is 'air was 'ung with di'monds, I wouldn't. I've 'ad enough of 'em; first when the little un went, and the silly bit of poetry printed on the memorial card, pore little dear, about setting on 'is father's knee no more, and 'im over seven and never 'ad set on 'is father's knee since 'e was three.' But who wrote the verses, WATSON?' I ventured to remark. WATSON: 'Why, of course, the undertaker, 'e 'ad 'em done by some cheap poet. There's lots of 'em always ready for a ob and they was all the same for all the children in our district, so stupid, but BOBRINSKY bein' a foreigner and knowin' no better, 'e rather liked them, and 'im and me 'ad a few words over it. But no more of them verses for me, said I, and when BOBRINSKY went, I told 'em, just a Plain—as plain as could be!'

"THEY said they should advise feathers as more respectful, and would only rise it up to thirty shillings more, but I told 'em I wouldn't 'ave a feather, not one, as I knoo BOBRINSKY would 'ate them plooms a noddin' over 'is 'ead. A plain urse and one, said I, is all I want. But all the same it came in eleven pound six, and my brother, 'e got ELLEN, 'is wife done for six pound ten. That shows you 'ow they'll take a single woman in. I 'ad nobody to 'alp me about it all, but my brother 'e made a bargain about ELLEN, and got 'er done at trade price, bein' in trade 'isself, you see, penny ices and periodicals, but still pays 'is way. She was a great trouble to my brother, was ELLEN, and a good job too when she went, which of course she was paralyzed in 'er chair and used to gibber at 'im when 'e asked 'er a question. But them undertakers, lor, I 'ave a 'orror of 'em—a swindling lot!'" If any more examples of Mrs. WATSON'S wisdom should happen to come in my way I will not fail to make them known to my readers, and on the general subject of old servants there may be much more to be said on another occasion.



TWO OF A TRADE.

FIRST HEADSMAN (*exhibiting his "Parliamentary Guillotine" invention*). "WELL—WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?"
SECOND HEADSMAN (*meditatively*). "UM—YES—I CAN CONCEIVE A SITUATION WHEN IT MIGHT BE EXTREMELY USEFUL!"



PLATE 1. TWO OF A TRIBE

Two of a tribe, standing, facing each other, with hands joined in prayer. The figure on the left is a man, and the figure on the right is a woman. They are both wearing traditional dress. The man is wearing a long, flowing robe, and the woman is wearing a long, flowing robe with a headscarf. They are standing on a plain surface. The background is a light, textured surface.



THE MARCH OF SCIENCE.

INTERESTING RESULT ATTAINED, WITH AID OF RÖNTGEN RAYS, BY A FIRST-FLOOR LODGER WHEN PHOTOGRAPHING HIS SITTING-ROOM DOOR.

AT SCHOOL.

["The German EMPEROR is having a telephone put up between Berlin, Potsdam, and Ploen, so that he and the EMPRESS will be able to talk to their sons when they are away from them at school."—*Sunday Times*.]

SCENE—Ploen. Professor and young princes reading VIRGIL, "Æneid," Book V., line 47.

Crown-Prince (construing). . . "bones of my divine father—"

[Telephone.]

Emperor. Well, boys, what are you doing this morning?

Crown-Prince. Going to do the boat-race. Rare sport!

Emperor. Boat-race, indeed! I won't have any of your nonsense. You know perfectly well that it doesn't come off till March 28. By the way, I must not forget that telegram to the Oxford crew if they win; and I won't have you going to boat-races when you should be at your studies. Do you hear me?

Crown-Prince. All right, Sir. But it's the boat-race in VIRGIL, don't you know. Trojan regatta and sports in Sicily—

[EMPEROR retires from telephone. Construing proceeds. Presently bell rings again.]

Emperor. Are you there?

Crown-Prince. "Salve, sancte parens, iterum!"

Emperor. Himmel, I will not endure these impertinences. If your professors cannot check your flippancy, I will have them all proceeded against forthwith for *lèse-majesté*. Acquaint them with my resolve.

Crown-Prince. It's all right, Sir. Comes in the text, line 80. Look it out for yourself and you'll see.

Emperor. Oh, very well. That's different, but don't let it occur again. I was going to say that to-day, being the anniversary of the battle of Donnerwetterenberg, you would do well to address a patriotic speech to local recruits. If no recruits, raise a regiment instantly.

Crown-Prince. Right you are. I know. *Regis voluntas suprema lex*, and all that sort of thing. Getting on nicely with my Latin. [Lesson proceeds for a few minutes. Telephone bell.]

Empress. Are you there, *cité* FRITZ? Did you take your proper dose of tonic after breakfast this morning?

Second Prince. Oh yea, rather! Three doses. (*Aside, to Professor and Crown-Prince*.) Bother that telephone.

Empress. Are you sure that you have on your extra warm woollen underclothing?

Second Prince. Should think I had, and two pairs of socks!

Empress. Good boy!

[More VIRGIL. Most exciting part of race interrupted by telephone.]

Emperor. I forgot to say that I wish you, when addressing the recruits, to wear your uniform as Honorary Colonel of the Royal and Imperial Corps of Express District Bicycle-Messengers.

Crown-Prince. I won't forget. But I really must have some new uniforms soon. The people here know all mine by heart now.

Emperor. I will at once design you half a dozen or so myself. By the way, don't forget to say something about the Navy. We must have a German Navy three times as powerful as the combined fleets of—

Professor (reading aloud from text). "Quamquam o! sed superent quibus hoc, Neptune, dedisti!"

Crown-Prince. Very well, I'll remember. But we really must get on with the VIRGIL now. Just got to a good part.

Emperor. Your love of study is gratifying to me; but do not forget that I expect you to also include swimming, fencing, bicycling, boxing, football and cricket, skating and tennis, rowing, yachting, hockey and chess in your daily curriculum.

Crown-Prince. Oh, do shut up! (*Leaves telephone*.) I say, Professor, look here! This telephone's a beastly nuisance, don't you know. What do you say, FRITZ, eh? I vote we go and cut the wire!

[Unanimous adjournment for that purpose.]

CUCKOO!

["The cuckoo has been distinctly heard in the neighbourhood of Hatfield."—*Daily Press*.]

In the neighbourhood of Hatfield now the cuckoo has been heard, Which establishes a record for this very early bird:

Yet the sceptics are declaring that the statement is absurd, And a "cuckoo"!

Once we thought the bird o' freedom—that's the eagle swift of flight— With his talons and his beak against the lion wished to fight; But 'twas found to be another fowl, yeapt the *Jingo Kite*, Or the "cuckoo."

If a ruler is as restless as the blatant Kaiser BILL, With his telegrams and twaddle, with his painting-brush and quill, Wiser folks can only smile and say, "Poor thing, it can't keep still. Silly cuckoo!"

Now, behold, the bard official twangs his lute both loud and long, But the instrument is crack'd, or else the strings have gone all wrong: For 'tis positive that ev'ryone would rather hear the song Of a cuckoo.

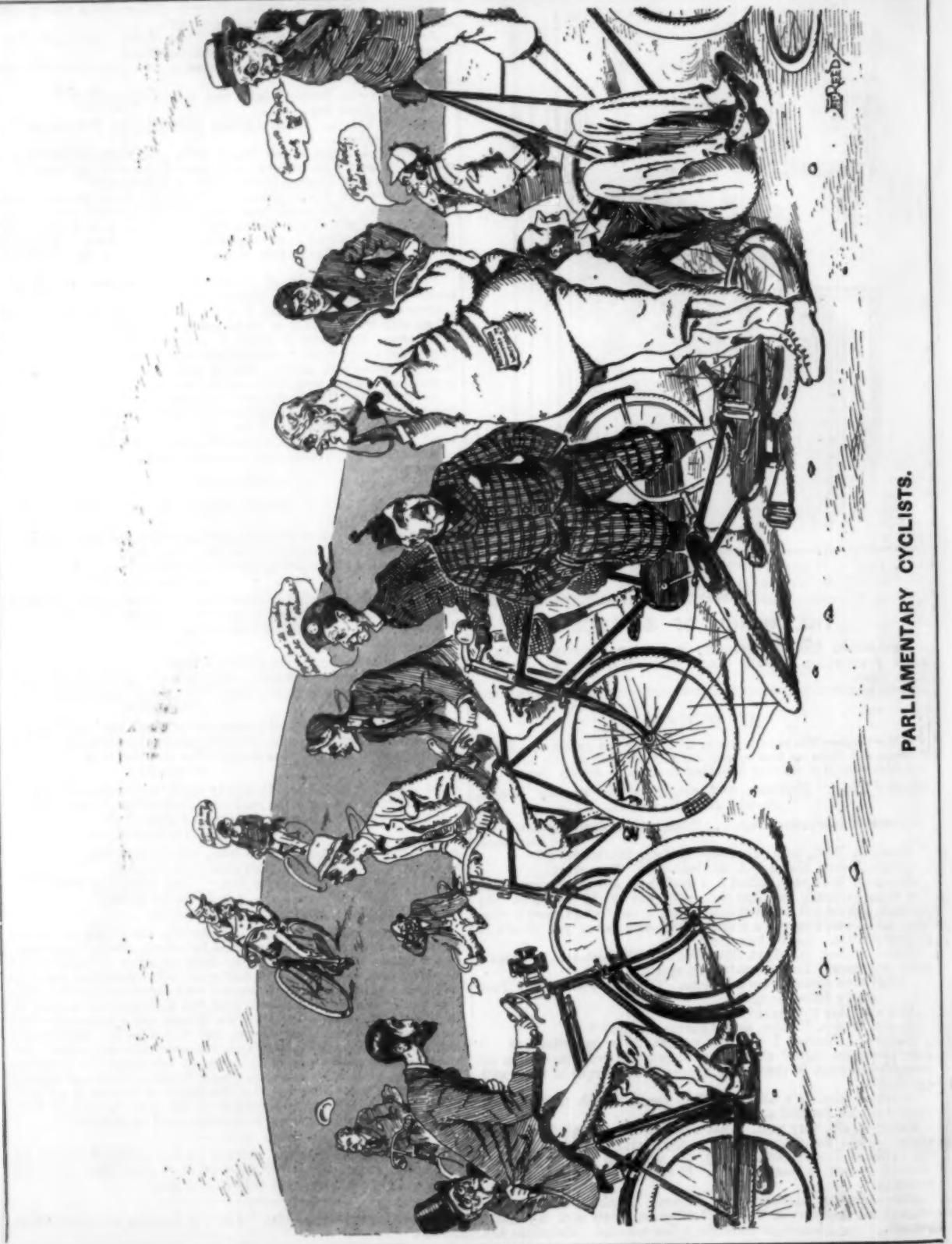
When the bobby on his beat in wintry night 'mid storm and hail Halts and turns his searching bull's-eye light below the area rail, It is NOT to brave the burglar, but to get a glass of ale From the cook-oo.

In the Arctic Expedition NANSEN bold, with trusty band, By discovering the Pole has glory shed upon his land; And the voice he heard the very first—"from telegrams to hand"— Was the cuckoo!

THE COMPLETE ANGOT-LEK.—Two sheriffs, who raided St. John's Market, the Liverpoolian Billingsgate, in order to effect a "distress" upon a certain fish-wife, had a very warm reception at the hands of the *marchande de marée*. The debtor, or rather debtress, seems to have been what the *Liverpool Courier*, with breezy originality, calls "the pet of the market, like *Charité*, the *Offenbachian* heroine in *La fille de Madame Angot*!" (We always had a vague idea that this opera was from LECOCQ's pen, and that *Clairette* was heroine thereof.) Anyway, the lady in question was "ably supported," her fellow-tradeswomen rising up in arms for her against the invading sheriffs who—"telle était la mère Angot"—would have met with an untimely fate had it not been for the arrival of a posse of police to the rescue. A Hibernian spectator of the fray is said to have remarked, "Avick! shure an' it reminds me of an eviction!"

WHAT SIR A. MACKENZIE OMITTED TO SAY IN HIS REMARKS ON "MUSICAL PITCH."—That "this was a sort of pitch which you could touch, and yet could come out with clean hands."

CLASSIC COMINGLING.—Dr. "JIM" is *Leander* and *Hero* rolled into one.



PARLIAMENTARY CYCLISTS.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNUCOPIA.

(Conducted by Auntie Chickabiddy.)

OUR PRIZE WINNERS.



HUNTING BUBBLER.
(Aged 6.)
Prize.—The Poet Laureate's England's Darling.



CORA BENNANGEL.
(Aged 13.)
Prize.—ADAM SMITH'S Political Economy.



DORA DIMPLE.
(Aged 9.)
Prize.—YOUNG'S Night Thoughts.

DEAR DARLINGS.—The above are the portraits of your little friends who have been clever enough to carry off the prizes in the three classes devoted to English Composition. I give their essays below so that you may see for yourselves that CORA, DORA, and HUNTING have fairly won the diplomas which accompany the valuable books. The judges were the Dowager Countess of STUFFINGTON, Lady THEOPHRASTA CHARLEMAGNE-TUBBS, and the Hon. Mrs. CAMELSUMP. Ask Papa, Mamma, or governess to show you these ladies' names in *Burke's* or *Walford's Peerage*; either work you will learn to love and appreciate when you are older. I have not been out lately on account of a severe cold, so you cannot expect much news, but this must interest you. My beautiful Kamchatka pussy, *Buz-Wuz*, has made me a present of five lovely wee-wee kittens. I am going to sell them to my friends for the small sum of £3 a-piece in order that I may help a poor lady, who does not wish her name to be known. So if any of your relatives would like them they should write at once, for I want the poor lady to go to the South of France as soon as possible. Charity begins at home, but often ends abroad. My doctor says that I ought to seek the bright sun and fair flowers of the Riviera, so, perhaps I, too, may have to tear myself away from dear, dismal England. But I shall be back, if I do make the journey, in time to arrange your Easter Fancy-dress Dance, invitation cards for which can now be had, price half-a-guinea each. As the number of guests must be limited, it would be as well to apply at once for the cards. The refreshments will include tea, coffee, lemonade, sandwiches, cake, oranges, apples, and, perhaps, ices, and I hope to engage the Green Bohemian Band. The Grand Duchess of GRÜNTERSHEIM (look up this country in the map) has graciously promised to be present. So we must look forward to a gay and select meeting.

Always, darlings, Your true friend,
AUNTIE CHICKABIDDY.

P.S. Here are the successful essays:—

CLASS I.

Subject: *The Rise and Fall of Napoleon the Great.*

DEAR AUNTIE,—NAPOLEON was a bad man, but he crossed the Alps by the use of vinegar. He fought everybody, including the King of ENGLAND and the Emperor of RUSSIA. It was on his famous retreat from St. Petersburg that he skated over the Danube on the ice. Afterwards he lost the battle of Sedan, and died in the Isle of Elba, of a broken heart. He invented boots like his rivals, the Duke of WELLINGTON and Colonel BLUCHER. I hope this will win the prize.

Yours, most affectionately, CORA.

CLASS II.

Subject: *Vegetarianism.*

DEAREST AUNTIE,—The cow is a vegetarian, and so was NEBUCHADNEZZAR (I didn't spell this word myself), and so are my rabbits and CHARLEY'S guinea pigs. So is grandma, who likes sparrow-grass, and always chews the cud. If a lion was one, he would eat vegetable marrow-bones. Our pony loves apples and sugar. So do I.

Your loving DORA.

CLASS III.

Subject: *Babies.*

DARLING AUNTIE,—I used to like babies when I was one. Now I don't. They cry all day.

Your own little HUNTING.

UNCONFIRMED REPORT.—That President CLEVELAND was, on the anniversary of WASHINGTON's birthday, presented by his countrymen with a facsimile of little GEORGE's axe. *Oliver Twist's* "ax" is more in GROVER's line.

PROTEST BY A PRECISIAN.

(After reading an Article on "Amateur Sport," Cup and League Football.)

O SPORTIVE MUSE,
We can't refuse, [to twist;
For you our English tongue
But we do squirm
At that vile term,
A "semi-finalist"!
It is too bad!
The stalwart lad [mate round,"
Left in "the ante-penulti-

We're game to praise,
Although *that* phrase
Hath a pedantic sound.
But "semi-finalist"! Alas!
That "well of English unde-
filed"!
Such bastard lingo who can
pass
And not feel riled!

A PROBLEM.

WHY is a traveller by the L. C. and D. Railway, who cannot afford first-class fare, and who refuses to travel third, likely to do the journey from Victoria to Ramsgate by the Granville Express in less than a seven thousandth part of the two hours usually occupied?
—Solution: Because, starting from Victoria, he arrives at Ramsgate in a second.

TO VALETUDINARIANS. ADVICE FOR MARCH 10.

Go to Bow Street if ailing in health or in limb,
For you'll find *Surgeon* BRIDGE there, and eke *Doctor* JIM.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 24.—A pleased smile illumined PRINCE ARTHUR's countenance to-night when Private HANBURY was brought up to the triangle and received three dozen. DON JOSÉ smiled responsive. "Most useful fellow," said PRINCE ARTHUR; "does his work capitally in Downing Street; says nothing with becoming grace on the Treasury Bench; and now, when you and I might expect to be hauled up with embarrassing reminiscences of what we said and did when a much milder gag than ours was proposed by Mr. G. in order to carry his Home-Rule Bill, HANBURY is dragged out, takes his punishment, and we escape."

A good deal in this.

"Remembering, and it seems but yesterday, all that was said and done in Session of 1893, in denunciation of time-closure invoked temporarily in face of avowed obstruction, after prolonged endeavour to make way under ordinary sail, it takes away one's breath to hear PRINCE ARTHUR blandly propose a severer form of gag, not applicable to a Bill in exceptional circumstances, but automatically choking discussion on the Estimates, not for one Session but for all time."

Thus SARK, his honest face flushed with surprise, his tender bosom heaving with emotion. But SARK is comparatively young; superlatively honest; a sort of Parliamentary *ingénu*. To older Parliamentary Hands the situation is charmingly interesting. They have seen many things on the same lines. No place in the world where conversions are more rapid and complete than in the House of Commons. The Right Hon. Member for Tarshish rides out one day a Coercionist. His horse stumbles; he remounts a Home Ruler, and gallops over everything in his new career. Or the other way about; or the same thing on half a dozen leading questions of the day. If the individual is prominent, spiteful things are said; speeches delivered in his earlier mood are resurrected; he is pelted with passages. But not in modern times has the somersault, taken by a whole Treasury Bench and the bulk of a great Party, been so sudden, or done within the bounds of so narrow a stretch of carpet.

Cap'en TOMMY BOWLER, faithful among the faithless found, will have none of the business. No Parliamentary *Benedick* he. When PRINCE ARTHUR and DON JOSÉ said they would die rather than consent to the gag, they did not believe they would live to force it on to the House of Commons. Cap'en TOMMY, with them in 1893 when they walked the strait path, parts from them in 1896, when they go astray. The CAP'EN is, after all, almost human, and his voice falters, his eye is clouded with unwonted moisture as it falls on the figure of his apostate friend, now seated on Treasury Bench. Memories of early happy days soften the indignant rigour of his regard. He remembers how, a Parliamentary infant, he sat on the knee of Private HANBURY, was suckled on the Estimates, weaned upon motions for the reduction of Ministers' salaries. And now his nurse, his mentor, just for a handful of silver, just for a ribbon to stick in his coat, has joined the brigand band he taught the hapless TOMMY to shy stones at. The only comfort the deserted, desolate human wreck has is in the reflection that if some of Private HANBURY's earliest efforts had succeeded he would now be drawing only half his Ministerial salary.

Business done.—PRINCE ARTHUR brings in the gag; lays it on the

table; asks House to open its mouth and shut its eyes and see what he and Dow Jones will give it.

Tuesday.—When, just before midnight, after seven hours' debate on and round the gagging resolutions, VICARY GIBBS was observed



"OVER THE BORDER WITH MORLEY."
Sir W-ll-m explains the mysteries of "cess and stent."

rising to his feet, a shudder ran through hitherto languid House. Old Members recalled how, on a famous night in July in the Session of 1893, VICARY's hand set a light to the smouldering fires of resentment, causing them to blaze forth with uncontrollable force, unparalleled ferocity. New Members had read all about it. Here was (but for a minor detail) a repetition of the causes that led up to the famous free fight which earned for Colonel SAUNDERSON favourable mention in the despatches. The gag, more severe and more systematic than that whose operation was the signal for the historic scuffle, was again proposed.

The minor detail, of course, is that the very men who, in the Home-Rule Session, indignantly denounced, resolutely resisted, the iniquitous attempt to tamper with freedom of debate, to-day occupy the Treasury Bench. That, of course, has little bearing on the incident of the moment. However it be with them, to a man of VICARY's independence, Trojan and Tyrian are the same. Not for him to affirm that that in PRINCE ARTHUR's but a choleric word which in Mr. G. was flat blasphemy. He will do the right thing whatever befall.

Members momentarily withdrawing their gaze from the prematurely brindled hair of the still young advocate of freedom of speech, looked round for HAYES FISHER. Was he ready to play again his patriotic part? When, on that fateful night, LOGAN, sauntering past the Front Opposition bench, seated himself partly on CARSON, Q. C., and partly on the bench, HAYES FISHER, safe in entrenchment on the bench behind, punched him on the nape of the neck. Real merit is always modest. When called to account HAYES FISHER, whilst blushing admitting his intrepid action, insisted upon assigning the whole initiative of the row to Mr. GLADSTONE. Mr. G. is far removed from the scene to-night, restful by the blue water that laps the shore at Cannes. If HAYES FISHER means business, and, in obedience to instinct of a noble nature, insists on apporportioning elsewhere the meed of praise, he must pick out some one else.

But HAYES FISHER is not here. As for VICARY, he is nearly three years older, and has evidently done with war and its alarms. His helm is now a hive for bees. They buzz reproach round the head of PRINCE ARTHUR, inasmuch as he "has put a very heavy strain on faithful and loyal followers." But it is a mild reproof, grandmotherly compared with the fierce trumpet-tones of defiance that rang through the same Chamber on the same provocation three years ago. Colonel SAUNDERSON having, when VICARY rose, grasped the street-door key, without which, since his experience of that July night, he never approaches Parliamentary debate, let it drop again in the recesses of his pocket. It will not be wanted to-night to cool abraded cheeks, smitten in hand-to-hand fight in resistance of that unholy, un-English institution, the gag.

Business done.—Gagging Resolution discussed.

Thursday.—Nothing so pleasing during course of debate on our Procedure than readiness of the new Members to come forward and settle knotty points. Subject full of intricacies. Oldest Parliamentary Hands (with exception, of course, of the CAPTAIN) occasionally floored by it. Once to-night, just when PRINCE ARTHUR seemed to be entering port with his precious cargo in prime condition, shipwreck was imminent. Something like hopeless muddle ensued; bewildered Members clamoured feebly for adjournment, that being, apparently, the only safe thing. Through the storm the new Members sat serene and confident, radiant with joyous consciousness of that ability which is prior to knowledge. If there is one thing in the world they really know nothing about, it is the bearings of Parliamentary procedure. Therefore they can discuss it.

DRAGG did, with effect accidentally marred by presence of SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. Him he turned out of Derby at General Election. Rolled him out of borough like an empty beer-barrel. Emerging to-night from No. 1, Cloister, Temple, E.C. ("DRAGG just the man to select a cloister for residence," says SARK), he thought he would tell House more than he knew about Procedure. Just as he was beginning his eve fell upon figure of the SQUIRE. With the fine instinct of new Member as to what exactly suits taste of House, DRAGG, having spare oyster shell in his pocket, thought it would be nice to shy it at the Figure. Nothing House of Commons so thoroughly appreciates as spectacle of new Member, of young-mannish appearance, making his maiden speech, saying something grossly impertinent about the Leader of the Opposition. Pleasure enhanced by knowledge of fact that in an electoral contest of recent date the old Member had been unseated by the new. "A monumental instance of inconsistency throughout his political life," was the reflection that occurred to Mr. DRAGG as he regarded the SQUIRE.

Effect of carefully conned sentence a little disappointing. House growled its discontent. DRAGG surprised; began to wish he was safely back in the Cloister, E.C. Thought he heard Dr. CLARK smile. Turned upon him with aloof severity. Rebuked him in the name of private Members.

"I made no observation," said Dr. CLARK, justly amazed at his own forbearance.

"Hah!" cried DRAGG, frowning: "it is perhaps as well that the hon. Member did not."

"Now that at least is good," said the appreciative SARK. "It comes nearer to a repartee by the *Hatter* than anything heard out of *Wonderland*."

Applause grew so persistent and promiscuous that the new Member abruptly resumed his seat, having omitted to say what he had risen to propound on the subject of New Procedure Rules.

Business done.—Procedure Rules agreed to, with proviso that Select Committee shall be appointed to determine exactly what we and they mean.

Friday.—Romped through the supplementary estimates. At half-past seven, when last was voted, J. W. LOWTHER, breathless with rapidity of putting successive questions in record time, led out of chair and laid on his back in cool passage.

Seemed as if under new condition of things business of sitting would be wound up in time to go to dinner. But, Supply disposed of, HAVELOCK WILSON hove alongside with his Merchant Seamen Bill. Not much liked in Ministerial circles. But would look bad to throw it out on second reading. So second reading agreed to, on consideration that nothing more shall be heard of Bill until Committee on Manning of Merchant Ships has reported. "Then," said RITCHIE, "we'll see."

Business done.—Supplementary Estimates agreed to. PRINCE ARTHUR says he didn't promise Select Committee to inquire into New Procedure Rule and tell House, which has just passed it, exactly what it meant in so doing. What he did promise was something quite different. "E dunno, where we are," said Cap'n TOMMY, scratching the crown of his head with the point of his hook as is his habit in moments of abstraction.



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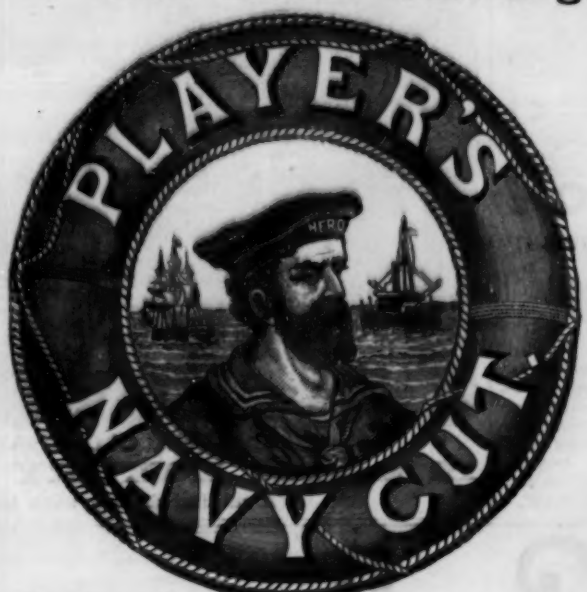
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